

Log in | Sign up





DEPRESSING POETS/WRITERS CLUB















Pain wraps its cold fingers around my heart,

Desperation crawls gingerly along each bone,

Anger creeps up my throat,

Depression strangles me,

They demand to be felt,

I ask once,

for them to go away,

twice for them to leave,

thrice I try to push them out of me,

They stay,

notice me,

notice me,

notice me,

they whisper from the bottom of my stomach where I lock them away when normal people are around

See more of Story Wars



or

Create new account

the disguise. Afraid? of what? of showing the real me? of hurting others? of embarrassment? Save me from eternal pain. is what I wish to say. But they have sucked courage out of me. I am just one human of billions. I am just one girl with the cuts on her wrist. This is just one poem. One story. Don't let it be yours. Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka And if it is And it's too late At least have the courtesy To save yourself The trouble.

See more of Story Wars

Login or Create new account

Poem/Story of a woman who suffers from domestic violence

Even if you scream

Until voice grows as raw and cracked as he ruby-red webbing up your arms

The voices don't stop.

The voices never stop.

Because the voices come from you.

They burble up un molten hatred of you

Of him

Of all those who saw and walked away.

They float to the surface seething,

Ready to strike back,

To protect you, please, please, let them loose, LET THEM LOOSE.

You let them loose once.

You made that mistake once.

That mistake was beaten out of you.

Chapter 4 by -



It hurts to live.

You wonder how

You can go on.

You have the

Scars and bruises

To prove it.

Your beauty has

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

It hurts to live.

You wonder how

You can go on.

Chapter 5 by The Art of Suffering



Pain;

Pain is the feeling I get when I wake up.

Pain is what makes me go on.

Pain is what teaches me to learn.

Pain is what tells me to hold on.

Pain is what kills me the most.

Regret;

Regret is what I hold.

Regret is what we need.

Regret is what tells us we're human.

Regret is what makes us feel guilty.

Regret is what hurts us all.

But pain isn't what you feel when you scrape your knee.

And regret isn't what you feel when you didn't get to say goodbye or your last words were hate.

Pain is what tells us we're still alive and regret is the only thing anchoring the pain down in our souls.

Chapter 6 by A Sv



My mental loss:

In the the night I scream,

To realize it was just a dream.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

It happened. In

The middle of

Every night.

Over and Over

This happens. Out

By the corner

Where I live.

Over and Over

She will come.

Whispering like

The wind - forever.

Chapter 8 by -



has come

as it must

come to all.

The good

and the bad

and the old

and the young.

Everything

will be gone,

the moon the

sun the stars.

Nothing will

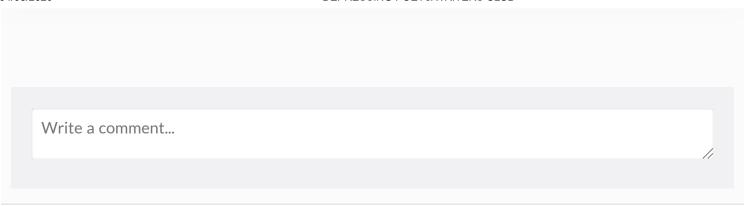
See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account





About | Rooms | Feedback | 🚹 🔘 💟

See more of Story Wars

Login or Create new account